

*The bonny bruicked Lassie she's
blew beneath the Eye.*

DOwn by yon River side,
where early falls the Dew,
Betwixt my Love and I,
there were kind Kisses anew;
There were kind Kisses anew,
betwixt my Love and I,
For the bonny bruick'd Lassie
she's blew beneath the Eye.

Down in yon Garden green
where Ladies make repair,
There grows a Tree of Pride
that once did flourish fair:
But now the leaves blown off't
and it's withered with the Frost;
For my Love he is gone,
and all my Labour lost.

I wish I were a Man,
then if it were my chance,
In Battel for to die
although it were in *France*:
Although it were in *France*,
to end my Misery,
For the bonny bruick'd Lassie,
she's blew beneath the Eye.

If I thought it not Sin,
my own self for to slae,
I'd be reveng'd on him
who's wrought me all this Wae,
Who's wrought me all this Wae,
and cause of my Mis'ry,
For the bonny bruick'd Lassie,
she's blew beneath the Eye.

When you go over Seas,
be cunning in your Craft,
For when you were at home,
you did visit me too oft,
You did visit me too oft,
the truth I'll tell you plain,
For there's nothing in my Mind
but Love for Love again.

F I N I S.